

General Grant, accompanied by Col. Reed, commanding the Twenty-third Infantry, and his staff, were driven to the grandstand on Lee Parade Ground, where a throng numbering not less than thirty or forty thousand people filled the large structure and spread out over the green sward.

Tickets for the grandstand were eagerly sought, but on account of the many that had to be distributed to the army and navy, foreign guests, many very distinguished Virginians were unable to find accommodation, and took their places outside on the lawn.

In the grandstand besides Governor and Mrs. Swanson, General and Mrs. Grant, President and Mrs. Tucker, of the exposition; Admiral and Mrs. Harrington, and Admiral Evans, were all the officers of the army and navy and foreigners from the forty war-ships in Hampton Roads, as well as prominent people throughout the State. The Duke of the Abruzzi was a marked figure in the gathering, and the ways the centre of an interesting group. His affability and the genuine pleasure he seemed to derive from his visit, won him many warm friends among the Virginians, and among those who got no closer to him than the opera glasses could bring them.

The scene was a brilliant one, not less so than on the occasion of the visit of the President on last Monday.

The opening prayer was offered by Rev. J. Sidney Peters, of Richmond.

Dr. Thomas Nelson Page read a poem that was loudly and frequently applauded, and after which Governor Swanson made an address, which so impressed his hearers that almost every sentence was punctuated by applause.

The reference of Governor Swanson to General R. M. Lee aroused a remarkable demonstration, which was particularly impressive in view of the presence within a few feet of the speaker of the position of the southern chieftain's great opponent in arms. At the mention of the name of Lee the great audience went wild. The demonstration lasted several minutes.

MOST NOTABLE PARADE

YET SEEN AT EXPOSITION.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the parade was formed—the most notable that the exposition has yet witnessed. The troops, numbering some 12,000, were under command of General Grant, the first division being under command of Colonel Reed and the second division under command of General Cecil C. Vaughan. The position of honor for the first division was given to the marines from the American and foreign war-ships in the roads, followed by the Twenty-third Infantry and Twelfth Cavalry and the Sixth Artillery. In the second division the position of honor was given to the Virginia Military Institute cadets, followed by the Virginia Polytechnic Institute cadets, the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, the First Virginia Brigade, the First Georgia Regiment and the Virginia Artillery, in which the Richmond Howitzers had the post of honor.

Everything went without a hitch, and every branch of the service, both regular and volunteer, did themselves proud in marching before the Governor of Virginia. There was not a single command that did not receive applause, but the sailors, as usual, their hands playing all manner of familiar salt water tunes, held the popular fancy in the regular division, while in the volunteers the lion's share of the applause went to the Virginia Military Institute cadets, the West Pointers of the South; the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, who never showed to a better or more brilliant advantage, and the Richmond Howitzers, covered with dirt and stain of travel.

General Vaughan, in passing the grandstand, received the warmest possible reception, not only from the officers assembled there, in appreciation of the excellent manner in which he managed his command.

Having passed the reviewing stand, the troops were marched down the West Path.

General Vaughan reviewed the volunteers before dismissing them.

BRILLIANT RECEPTION

AT VIRGINIA BUILDING.

The reception at the Virginia Build-

"Berry's for clothes."
Wash Suits, 95 cents to \$3.50.



Vacation is coming.
We've looked ahead and had some special suits made for hard play.
Nothing fancy about 'em; simply neat and durable.
No restraint on the boy—no pinch on your pocket.
\$3.50 and \$5.

At \$2.85!
More than a few mothers have "wondered how we do it" when we sell \$5, \$6 and \$7 suits at only \$2.85.
The trouble is they have STRAIGHT pants. That's all—they're just as good.

O.H. Perry & Co.
MEN'S & BOYS' OUTFITTERS

ing, held to-night by Governor and Mrs. Swanson, was attended by 5,000 people, when more than 500 were officers of the army and navy in brilliant uniform. Governor Swanson, attended by his staff, received with Mrs. Swanson, Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Elliston and Mrs. Beale. The building was decorated with smilax and American Beauty roses and a large band played during the receiving hours. After the public reception a small party was entertained, when the commissioners from Connecticut, in proposing the health of Governor Swanson, named him as the next President of the United States, saying that he was the most eloquent Governor of the State which had provided the greatest number of eloquent men to the country.

The Governor in replying said that "here in Virginia, the women rule, and so Mrs. Swanson is Governor of Virginia."

Mrs. Donald McLean, president of the Daughters of the Revolution, proposed the health of Mrs. Swanson, calling her the future President of the United States, and asserting that she is the most accomplished hostess in America.

Mr. Withers also spoke in praise of Virginia and of Governor Swanson, whose speech to-day is on the lips of all who heard him. Among those who were present to-night were Dr. Thomas Nelson Page, Mr. Roosevelt Page, General Vaughan and staff, Mr. Donald McLean and Mrs. McLean, Lieutenant Cootes, Lieutenant Dalham, Hon. Hal D. Flood, Miss Wickham, Mrs. Henry Wickham, Miss Turner, of Williamsburg; Mrs. Cates, Colonel Perry and staff, Colonel Leedy and staff, Colonel C. V. Nottingham and staff, Major Bowles and staff, Major Keating and staff, Miss Harrison, Mrs. Columbia Hayes Walker, Mrs. William L. Royall, Miss Page Aylett Royall, Mr. Leigh R. Page, Mr. Melville Branch, Major Bosseux and staff, Captain Myers and staff, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Bohmer, Mrs. Cotes and Mrs. Scott Parrish.

To-night after 8 o'clock the war-ships were illuminated, and the Exposition Grounds were so brilliantly lighted that they were as bright as day.

The fleet sent illuminated launches through the ships, making the occasion like a great sea carnival.

The Vision of Raleigh

"Go, Soul, the Body's Guest."—Raleigh.

Poem Read by Dr. Thomas Nelson Page at the Virginia Day Celebration at the Jamestown Exposition, June 12th.

Caged like an eagle in these stony walls,
Fast barred by iron gratings in my cell,
With harsh attendants passed upon my life,
The shrewd-edged axe hung o'er me by a hair.
And knew it faced me and mine that I down,
I, Walter Raleigh, still am more than free;
In that my soul is but my body's guest,
And roams at will the star-strewn realms of space.
Like Galileo in his lonely tower,
By Arno's flood, I watch the starry skies
And read the message veiled from dimmer eyes:
Bach morn with Phoebus, charioteer,
I drive with flaming steeds across the main
To view the virgin land I gave my queen
At eve with silvery Cynthia, guide,
Mid rosy depths, acquired by the Evening star,
Yonder Apollo through Euphrates and Nile,
And thread the azure mazes of the spheres,
To call the moonlit reaches of the west.
I mind how, as a boy on Devon's doons,
I used to watch the ever westering sun
Clear up the misty, azure, thin, till high
It lost itself in heaven, among the clouds,
I fancied that the new, vast Western World,
Columbus plucked from space must march with Heaven,
And one who trod it, straight might touch the stars,
And on a time in the receding tide
I cast a flag made all of stars and shreds,
With boyish hope I'd plant my banner there,
And seize that mighty coast for England's Queen:
The young Diana of the morning skies,
Alack! Next dawn my pennon cast ashore.
Undaunted still, I nailed it to a mast,
And sent it forth again like Noah's dove,
And now like Noah's dove it came no more.
Thus, know I well, I know of fair land was mine,
Thenceforth God blessed me nightly in my dreams,
As Moses viewed from Pisgah's lonely steep,
God showed me visions of the Promised Land,
Where milk and honey fed the minds of men.
Thenceforth I questioned every sage I met
To know if he knew of that land there!
And one in jest, noting my kindling eyes,
Laughed, "Yea, young master, I have seen thy flag
On that brave coast 'twixt France and Florida,
Where every man's as free as a king."
And I in joy did shout, "Thy name, good lad?"
"Newport," cried he, "and 'tis a case you, Christopher."
"A brave name, too!" cried I. "New ports for me!
And braver yet, 'Christ-bearer Christopher'!
One found a world to give to Arragon;
But thou shalt help me seize it for our Queen."
How, when I hid me home, half mad with joy,
My brothers laughed and called me mad as I!
That in rage, swore a new oath I'd learned
And plant for aye the banner of St. George.
Thenceforth I watched the wind-led westering ships,
And fancied them cyclotron flags that ranged
The azure plain of ocean, and pastured
Which I some day would shepherd through the seas
Where Spanish wolves held now high carnival.
"Twas this that planted fires within my breast
Unquenchable by time, or toll, or blood;
This drove me flaming to the Netherlands,
To learn in youth, on the west-facing plain,
The shepherd's craft to foil Spain's craftiest wolves.
This brought me, burning, to my mistress' feet,
Whereat, Columbus-like, I cast a world.
I oft have seen in watches of the night—
Was it a dream or seer's far-thrown thought?—
A vision of a realm I never knew.

Beneath new stars, layed in divergent light,
Like that Atlantis which great Plato dreamed,
Or fair Utopia, lapped by Fancy's seas;
But fairer far than these and nobler far:
For men grew in that air to rule themselves,
And set a beacon high for all the world.
For reason, not for force, was their stern lord,
Methought I saw three little caravels,
My flag at peak, freighted with Destiny:
The admiral, my brave lad, Christopher,
Whose name held omen that he bore the Christ,
And in their wake the navies of mankind.
They dove the stormy, wintry seas,
And flouted Spain's red banner in her main,
To limp at last within Virginia's capes—
Those lone and silent sentries of the West—
And cast their anchor in an inland sea,
Whose waters made a music in mine ears.
More sweet than harping of the seraphim,
"Twas springing and like a peace to her lord,
Fair Nature, blushing, donned her virgin robes
Of tenderest green decked all with dewy gems,
Distilled from waters of unsullied springs,
Wherein chaste Dian bathes her snowy limbs,
Unfrighted by the fierce-mouthed cannon's roar,
Deep-homed for her odors as from Eden's bowers
While April skies smiled down their benisons.
I heard the trumpet sound. They moored their barks
On the calm surface of a noble stream,
Whose fountains sprang beneath uncharted skies,
To pour their flood round all the coast of men,
And a tender every clime for ever age.
Not Nile nor Tiber poured so rich a flood;
With cables fine, spun by the silent fates,
Then anchored they the old world to the New,

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The Golden Future to the Age-worn Past.
The setting sun they turned back in his course,
And made, for coming time, the West the East,
From out whose portals shone the glorious morn.
I saw them land upon a little isle,
Rear first the cross; then plant a starry flag
I knew full well, yet knew as in a dream;
And lo! a new-made England swam in view,
As swam an orb in view that natal morn.
When darkness fled before the face of God,
And, shaking free the earth-enslaving folds of mist,
Cradled in light, earth rose beneath his feet.
Amid Hesperian gardens, sunset lit,
I saw a mighty nation rear itself,
And spread until it covered half the world,
Like some young eagle soaring in the sun,
Chafed and free, whose mighty wings States sheltered them.
And joyful people basked in deep content.
She rose—not meteor-like to fade again,
But slow, majestic as the morning star,
From earthly mists to gladden all the sky.
The radiant crown of a glorious day
Beneath her spell the silver mountains deep
Gave up their hoards; the desert laughed with corn,
Until Golconda shrank into a mist,
And El Dorado faded to a mist.
In whiter harvests than all Eden's yield,
Chafed and free, whose mighty wings States sheltered them,
Fair Knowledge spread full wide her amplest page,
And Science, Art and Literature arose
And made their home within the virgin land.
Her wild maternal arms she spread for all.
The oppressor and desolate of every clime
Found rest and home in that fair land.
Adam's Cave became the Home of Light,
Where every nation lent its rays to feed
The flame which rose to Heaven and lit the world.
Her away benighted reached the furthest sea,
Then leapt the morn and waned the world,
But with fierce words, not with embattled towers,
But with the Might of Righteousness and Peace,
For nobler far than all material wealth,
And richer far than all the works of man,
Wrought by Titanic hands on Freedom's forge,
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Her wild maternal arms she spread for all.
The oppressor and desolate of every clime
Found rest and home in that fair land.
Adam's Cave became the Home of Light,
Where every nation lent its rays to feed
The flame which rose to Heaven and lit the world.
Her away benighted reached the furthest sea,
Then leapt the morn and waned the world,
But with fierce words, not with embattled towers,
But with the Might of Righteousness and Peace,
For nobler far than all material wealth,
And richer far than all the works of man,
Wrought by Titanic hands on Freedom's forge,
Rear first the cross; then plant a starry flag
I knew full well, yet knew as in a dream;
And lo! a new-made England swam in view,
As swam an orb in view that natal morn.
When darkness fled before the face of God,
And, shaking free the earth-enslaving folds of mist,
Cradled in light, earth rose beneath his feet.
Amid Hesperian gardens, sunset lit,
I saw a mighty nation rear itself,
And spread until it covered half the world,
Like some young eagle soaring in the sun,
Chafed and free, whose mighty wings States sheltered them.
And joyful people basked in deep content.
She rose—not meteor-like to fade again,
But slow, majestic as the morning star,
From earthly mists to gladden all the sky.
The radiant crown of a glorious day
Beneath her spell the silver mountains deep
Gave up their hoards; the desert laughed with corn,
Until Golconda shrank into a mist,
And El Dorado faded to a mist.
In whiter harvests than all Eden's yield,
Chafed and free, whose mighty wings States sheltered them,
Fair Knowledge spread full wide her amplest page,
And Science, Art and Literature arose
And made their home within the virgin land.
Her wild maternal arms she spread for all.
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